



S. Rigaud delin!

W. Cooke sculp!

*Oh! sweet repast, when for the wish'd embrace
Two cherub rivals his mild visage trace
Climb on his knee surround his easy Chair,
And hope to taste the shining Spoil to share?*

Retrospect.

Published Oct. 1. 1800. by Vernon & Wood, Poultry.

Oct 11 218

POEMS,
MORAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY
THOMAS DERMODY.

The lowly dales will yeeld us anadems
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond seekes mine oaten reede;
Let others climbe the hills, and to their praise,
Whilst I sit girt with flowers, be crown'd with bayes.

W. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.

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P R E F A C E.

MODESTY is a self-denying virtue affected by every young writer at his primary entrance on the great stage of Literature; but did I not conceive that these few Poems possess some slight degree of merit, as composition runs in those days, I should not presume to offend the **PUBLIC**, to whose candour I am, entirely, to trust for my acquittal, with a single line. Though many detached pieces of mine, the production of so early an age as might render their authenticity incredible, have appeared in a fugitive state, yet, I must consider the present as my first attempt to brave the tremendous ordeal of **GENERAL CRITICISM**. The main subjects I have selected, though often partially touched upon, have been, I believe, never so diffusely handled, so that they may assert some claim to novelty, though fallible in ornamental value.

The RETROSPECT stands first in this Collection, though five years have now elapsed since that little piece was prepared for the press, and so sensible am I, at this period, of the very desultory manner in which it is written, that it should never insult "the garish eye of day," had it not met with the partial approbation of a friend I esteemed, and an author I admired; one, whose dramatic productions will be long dear to the English Theatre, while Comedy, not unworthy the SCHOOL of CONGREVE, can boast any attraction, superior to the wild and dis-tempered pageants of the present day.

The PURSUIT of PATRONAGE follows next:—Conscious that very few, but those extensively acquainted with Poetical Biography, will relish those parts that hinge on the misfortunes of my predecessors, I have timidly refrained from prejudging their ignorance by tedious commentary, and vague annotation. While struggling under the deep clouds of disappointment, encompassed by

P R E F A C E.

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various and threatening calamities, the Poet is too frequently a “rara avis in terris;” but once released from this mortal sojourn, when malice can no more injure, or boasted liberality be no more importuned, his talents, his conduct, even his every secret transaction emerge, with redoubled lustre and force, on the inquisitive avidity of mankind. I must confess, that an awful and enthusiastic veneration for the wild imagery, and fanciful flights of our ANCIENT BRITISH BARDS, may have enticed me too wide from that pointedness of temporary allusion, and those frothy ebullitions of eccentric whim, which so commonly disguise a vapid bottom, and which I perceive to be so highly prevalent over the mind of MODERN REFINEMENT.

As for the smaller pieces which follow, though not added “to raise the volume’s price a shilling,” I cannot expatiate very largely on their portion of correctness, or desert. Certainly, they are not much inferior to those ephemeral essays which decorate the

leaves of a *MAGAZINE*, such as these publications, now, appear to be. Yet, formerly, their miscellaneous insipidity was enlivened by the fine, fairy effusions of *COLLINS*, the plaintive and picturesque simplicity of *CUNNINGHAM*, or the descriptive enchantment of *MICKLE*.

Be their extraneous attraction what it may, they, at least, aspire to sense, a requisite very seldom expected in our late most celebrated authors, who rest their chief reputation on extravagant epithet, disgustful alliteration, and dazzling similarity of sound with sentiment.

I am sorry to think that *GOLDSMITH*, in his Dedication to *THE TRAVELLER*, has unsuccessfully declaimed against this innovation, and still more sorry to suppose, that he had infinitely less cause of complaint, then, than what the present time affords. But it ill befits a criminal before the bar to assume the severity of an *Ethic Declaimer*, and a *Poetical Culprit* full as ill, to read

Lessons of Reformation to his brother offenders.

There are many men of more vanity, than talent, or discretion, who affect to despise those tribunals of Wit and Learning, the *REVIEWS*, who ascribe to them practices the most nefarious and unjust; and who hold their right of inquisition, and the legality of their censure, in a very questionable shape; yet, though I am ill acquainted with the mysteries of their Critical Commonwealth, and too insignificant to arouse the thunders of their vengeance, I cannot pretend honestly to despise those illustrious Journals, once graced by the classic sanction of *SMOLLET*, *KENRICK*, or *LANGHORNE*; and still conducted on such principles, as can be dreadful only to those puny scribblers, who sacrifice futurity to fashion, and aspire to live no longer than their own little day.

The charming, though neglected Poet, from whose Pastorals I have taken my motto, elegantly describes the self-dependancy

which Genius can find in itself alone, when attacked by the feeble shafts of unmerited stricture:

For there is hidden in a Poet's name
A spell that can command the wing of fame,
And maugre all Oblivion's hated birth
Begin their immortalitie on earth,
When he that 'gainst a muse with hate combines,
May raise his toombe in vain to reach our lines.

BROWNE'S PAST.



To the Right Hon. the Countess of Moira, &c.

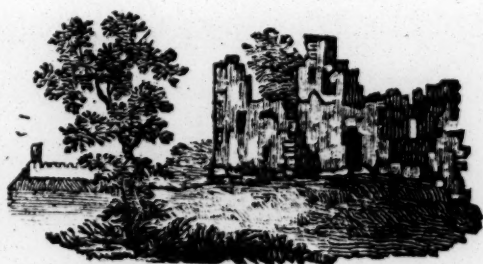
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THE RETROSPECT:

A Poem.

VITA enim nostra videtur ad VIRILITATEM usque, qua in
statu posita est, quendam quasi PONTEM ÆTATIS ascendere,
ab eâque dehinc descendere.

DE NORES in ART. POET.



TO THE RIGHT HON.

The COUNTESS of MOIRA, &c.

A DEDICATORY SONNET.

DEEM'ST THOU ingrate or dead the Shepherd-
boy,

Erewhile who sung thee to the list'ning plain?
Still pausing on thy deeds with pensive joy,
Ingratitude, nor Death have hush'd the strain!
Still drest in all her captivating hues,
Smiling in tears, will languishingly steal
O'er my fantastic dream the much-lov'd muse;
Like morn dim-blushing thro' its dewy veil:
Her wild-flow'rs bound into a simple wreath,
Meekly she proffers to thy partial sight,
Oh! softly on their tender foliage breathe,
Oh! save them from the Critic's cruel blight,
Nurse the unfolding blooms with care benign,
And mid them weave one laurel-leaf of THINE!

THOMAS DERMODY.

THE
R E T R O S P E C T :
A P O E M.

T H R O' H I S T O R Y's faithful glaſs when I ſurvey
What kingdoms flouriſh, and what realms decay,
Now touch'd with pity, now inſpir'd with rage,
Scarce can I truſt the long-recorded page,
New, fatal proofs from ancient Annals call
Yet deem theſe ancient Annals, fable all !
Lo ! once in learned pomp where A T H E N S roſe
The green pool ſtagnates, and the hemlock grows,
One dreary ſepulchre, one mingled gloom,
Lo ! deep in ruin droops imperial R O M E !
Say, where that wide unconquerable ſway,
Where once the M A C E D O N I A N M A D M A N lay ?
Burſt like a gaudy bubble on the ſtream,
'Tis paſt, and all it's glory but a dream.

Yet, since, see VENICE, solitary Isle,
Like VENUS, mid the genial Ocean smile,
With awe, the rich COLUMBIAN tract behold
Clasp half our Globe in it's gigantic fold,
BRITAIN, sublime it's subject shores among,
And fair JUVERNA, nurse of lofty song.
Thro' heedless luxury, ambitious pride,
Thro' lust of plunder, or thro' heav'n defy'd,
When slow destruction mines the towery wall,
When the huge pillars of a nation fall,
Succeeding nations gradual fill it's place,
To swell of boundless Time the mighty space.
In climes least favour'd by benignant skies,
The white sails flap, and stately bulwarks rise,
COMMERCE and patient INDUSTRY atchieve
What SLOTH and OPULENCE untempted leave,
Soón the dry wilderness is seen no more,
Huge cities shine where deserts lay before,
Mid the deep glen amaz'd the hermit views
The long canal, the garden's vernal hues,
Or by the mountain's rough but sheltering side,
The newly-risen hamlet's rustic pride.

Yet why should I lament as I survey
How kingdoms flourish, and how realms decay,
When ev'n in my own youth's unfinish'd bound,
Each strange vicissitude of fortune's found,
And all the changes of the tragic scene
Glare full as copious on the rural green.
Each dear delight of childhood's cloudless morn,
When blush'd the rose without the fest'ring thorn,
Each harmless sport that vacant pastime knew,
False to hoar reason, to gay fancy true,
With eagle-pinion rolling o'er my head
Sadly I mourn,—and sicken when they're fled.

Thus the poor peasant mourns, when homeward
bound,
(As the dank eve-dew settles on the ground,)
His decent cottage canopy'd in trees,
One ruddy blaze, with horrent hair, he sees,
Each mouldering fragment of domestic care
Pausing he marks, ineffable despair!
Still o'er the little couch, the table's frame,
The beachen feat, pursues the greedy flame,

Nor from the spot averts his gaze forlorn
Till high in air the native hut is torn.

O! ne'er let me forget the summer shade,
Where studious thro' it's fragrant copse I stray'd,
Where slow I wander'd thro' the waving bow'r,
When the leaves bent beneath a stilly show'r,
And woodland eccho, soften'd to a sigh,
Scarce caught a sound, unwilling to reply.

Ev'n now IMAGINATION's forceful fway
Thro' each long landscape hurries me away,
The well known cliff, whose blue aerial brow
Majestic beetles on the vale below,
The daisy'd pasture, whose luxuriant plain
The dim discover'd flocks, a snowy train!
Profusely deck; and dripping from the tide,
Shake to the flashing sun their fleecy pride,
Unmov'd I view:—nay, the train hedge along
I hearken to the ploughboy's matin song,
Or follow on the crumbling path afar
The lazy passage of the creaking Car.

Hark! from yon hill that centers in the cloud,
I hear the opening hound, and hunter loud,
His bugle winds thro' many a tuneful maze,
The mellow tones my sinking spirit raise,
And down the virid steep, with headlong speed
Impell'd, I mount a visionary steed!
Now, sooth'd again, with flow, and skillful eye,
Eager, I watch my friend's fictitious fly,
By some lone bank, along whose level side,
Dimpling, and quick the lucid waters glide;
His penfile bait the speckled trout beguiles,
At length he's caught, at length the angler smiles,
At length, with cautious and well-guided hand,
He trails the glittering captive on the sand.
Oh! sweet repast, when for the wish'd embrace,
Two cherub-rivals his mild visage trace,
Climb on his knee, surround his easy chair,
And hope, elate, the shining spoil to share,
Meanwhile, with looks of meek, paternal love,
He seems with gentle pushes, to reprove,
Yet, as they struggle, tenderly severe,
Drops on each baby-cheek a silent tear.

Say what ye will, ye Sons of classic art,
Whose finewrought fancies seldom reach the heart,
Ev'n in life's humblest, most contracted span
We mark the nobler principles of man,
The watch-dog beaten from the wicker'd door,
To give an easy entrance to the poor;
The busy care by tenderness made light,
To strew the pilgrim's rushy bed at night;
Or round the glimmering hearth, with wonder pale,
And simple awe, to note the soldier's tale;
These sweet civilities, these social ties,
In which the very spring of nature lies,
Are of more worth than all the glossing rhyme,
Your Schoolmen polish'd from remotest time.
Eternal NATURE! thine the mighty pow'r
To rule o'er every sense in every hour,
The mastery thine with absolute controul,
To ring, correct, or sublimiate the foul;
Confest to thy superior eye is seen
The mazy movements of the nice machine,
Thy secret influence, thy sovereign call,
Commands them when to rise and where to fall;

And in the SULTAN's and the NEGRO's frame
Thy rapid force is general and the same.

Nor small the task with no frail varnish fraught,
To deck in sylvan dress, the sylvan thought,
Peculiar art it claims, and oft requires
Than the bold epic more exalted fires,
Fires, that each fibre to their purpose wrest,
Electric, rushing on the ravish'd breast;
Hence, unoppos'd, in full despotic fame,
Sweet AUBURN's BARD must ever be the same,
Hence, the fair descant wove in MEMORY's loom,
Perennial rose and myrtle shall perfume,
Hence, wayward minstrel of th' attentive vale,
The VILLAGE CURATE pour his pleasing tale,
Hence, too, the heart it's choicest incense breathe
On warbling SYMPATHY's immortal wreath.
Tho' here no foreign wonders I rehearse,
Tuneful enchantment in each vary'd verse,
Here, tho' no bright resistless magic shines,
Which rapture moulds, and classic care refines,
Nor mystic melodies of measur'd sound
That wild'ring, lead the servient passions round,

Yet, unambitious of a larger claim,
My subject not less humble than my aim,
Perchance, I hold with pardonable grace,
The muse's mirror up to nature's face;
For me enough; (if aught my verse may boast
Of genuine Feeling, where refinement's lost,)
From the dull crowd my straggling sense to wean,
To charm the critics of the village-green,
To bid their innocent amusements shew
All public vice the source of private woe,
And to the lewd metropolis unfold
These laws, to love, which is but to behold.

Oh! mid the venal city who can prove
That sweetest, that divinest passion, LOVE?
Balm of all wounds, without whose solace mild
Existence were a melancholy wild,
In fullen hate where hostile tribes would run
Unciviliz'd, and loath the rising Sun;
Oh! who without his store of Scorn compleat,
Can see it purchas'd in the public street?
The venom'd fold, the mercenary kifs,
The murdering rapture, and the baleful blifs,

The softest luxury of soaring thought,
Oh! who can see like each low barter—bought?

Pity the wretched daughter of despair,
Nor flight her sorrow, tho' you shun her snare;
She once in beauteous innocence was blest,
Pure was her pleasure, tranquil was her rest,
And at the song obscene, the lawless flame,
And broken vow, she blush'd unconscious shame,
Once fenced with honour as the thorny rose,
Now bare she lies to every wind that blows,
Like some vile weed, impregnate with decay,
Which rots, yet stings athwart the public way.
Art thou not shock'd that dulcet voice to hear
Tun'd to the felon-oath, and scoff severe,
And art thou not still doubly shock'd to find
That voice's eccho in th' abandon'd mind?
Ev'n in the loose delight no bliss she feels,
The purse she pilfers, the rich toy conceals,
Acts with feign'd passion the incentive part,
Her features less disguis'd than is her heart.

Hence doubt, and ev'n in the delicious fold
The muscles slacken, and the pulse is cold,
The lillies blacken on the harlot's face,
Hence lusty HEALTH is chill'd in the embrace;
Oh! from that hollow cheek, and beamless eye,
Precipitate as from a fury fly,
Tho' silently it's painted beauties seize,
There lurk the fiends, distraction and disease,
Scowl in the dimple, taint the fragrant breath,
And in the yellow clasp present you death.

How, lovely woman, how can you depart
From all those graceful fires that warm the heart,
How, witching prodigal, can you bestow
Your brightest gem for infamy and woe,
Roseless the cheek, extinguish'd is the eye,
And even your darling vanity must die;
Ask yon pale prey, deserted and decay'd,
Whose easy trust some villain has betray'd,
If all her vital senses are not cold,
Cold as some statue in the venal fold,

When gay deceit, (heart-sick, yet gay,) must move
The sleeping embers of unhallow'd love?

Oh! she will tell you and she tells you true,
That she the seraph transport never knew,
That from the dragon-grasp, the baneful breath
Of each wild suitor came disgust and death,
Since first within that glowing breast she lay
From whence she fled:—ah! lost, lamented day,
Then turtle PEACE that unbought odours shed,
TRUTH, FEELING, FAITH, and maiden CANDOUR
fled,

Then thou poor female, from thy hopeless view,
Clad in thick clouds ev'n HEAV'N itself withdrew!

Oft by the sloping outskirts of the wood,
Fond search thro' brake and bramble I pursu'd,
Intent, (nor could it with her lip compare,)
To cull the honey'd strawberry for my fair,
When at the village-dance her hand I caught,
My feet were light and restless as my thought,
By times, the coy extended kifs I stole,
While mutual glances stream'd the melting soul;

But when some wealthier youth her cheek impress,
A thousand timid falsehoods fill'd my breast,
I rav'd, I wept, I curs'd the guiltless maid,
And at deep midnight fought a deeper shade,
Yet, soon, the partial heart was reconcil'd,
I own'd my frailty, and the angel smil'd.
She smil'd—thro' winding dell, by ozier'd stream,
The livelong summer-day she was my theme,
From every object of the boundless plain
I snatch'd some grace to decorate my strain,
Blue as the violet's bell her rolling eye,
Cowslip her front, her cheek the tulip's dye,
Her mouth carnation, hyacinth her hair,
Straight as the poplar, as the woodbine fair,
And from her nectarine breath, that fann'd my flame,
The peabloom and the scented clover came.
Yes, in the ready numbers as they flow'd,
My feelings flutter'd, and my wishes glow'd,
Unnumber'd monuments of truth I form'd,
Nought tir'd, with my own pleasing folly charm'd,
'Till smote at length by reason's temperate ray,
The transitory vision died away.

So have I seen, with brittle chain emboss,
When the smooth river sleeps beneath the frost,
By tiny fingers rear'd an icy pile;
It's sparkling points the dazzled sight beguile,
Lo! proudly splendid in the solar beam,
Twinkle it's corners, it's thin columns gleam;
Till, melted quite, or on false surface plac'd,
Prone the moist structure lies, a shining waste!
Oh! WRAY, associate of the smiling hour
When dewey summer spread life's opening flow'r,
Long parted from my pleasure or my pain,
Where'er you wander, oh! accept this strain.
Whate'er it's lights disclose, or shades conceal,
Their force your kindred spirit best can feel;
Enthusiast of the wildly-simple scene,
In what romantic raptures have we been,
What gales favonian on our forehead blew,
Upon our ken what swelling beauties grew,
What radiant turrets, flamy spires would rise,
How green our haunts! how azure were our skies!
How musical the burnish'd billows roll'd,
And how the prospect gleam'd with living gold!

Each slightest object, or of shore, or sea,
 Was tenderest ecstasy when shar'd with thee,
 For, ne'er, sublim'd by Feeling's social spell,
 Did delicate sensations join so well,
 Mutual our joy, and when condemn'd to part,
 Ah! mutual, more than mutual was the smart;
 From that sad moment paradisaical bloom
 And orient hues, are solitude and gloom!

Diffusive checquer'd o'er the dale beneath,
 When purple TWILIGHT rested on the heath,
 When from the furze the nimble rabbit sprung,
 And on each spray unusual lustre hung,
 What wayward forms, eccentrically fair,
 Have I oft pictur'd on the dappled air,
 While, dropt by the fantastic hand of Ev'n,
 Small countless specks have pav'd the floor of heav'n,
 There mid the silver scenery would I roam,
 Nor tho' the church-bell tinkled, think of home.

Oh! when to FRIENDSHIP's curious ear I told
 Heroic feats, and godlike acts of old,

Which (maxims meet for my unpractic'd age,) Haply I glean'd from the historic page,
How blithe would I the breezy hillock climb,
And in the big narration swell sublime,
Then, when aloft Night's pale assembly rose,
What downy slumbers of divine repose,
What gay ideas throng'd the frolic dream,
What mental joys the æry wing would stream!
No bowl, with palatable poison fill'd,
Fev'rish, and foul, my aching forehead thrill'd,
No malice, wrankling in th' eternal wound,
No fierce desire was in my bosom found,
But round my pillow would undaunted play
Content, still reckless of the coming day.
Soon as cool ZEPHYR woke the virgin MORN,
And the bright dew-drop trembled on the thorn,
Up the green lane I stray'd; on either side
In thickest notes each vocal bush reply'd,
My tongue was silent, printless was my tread,
The SPRING's whole CHOIR collected o'er my head!
Entranced I stood, lull'd by pure MANTUAN lays,
Or, what sage DYER pip'd to later days;

The world forgot me, I the world forgot,
And my ELYSIUM centred in that spot!

Now tow'rds yon castle, whose tall turrets shake
On the smooth bosom of the shaded lake,
I turn; hoarse ravens croak in solemn state,
The frisking pointer meets me at the gate,
Crows the shrill cock, the turkey gobbles near,
All seem to indicate my welcome there.
Thro' the wide room the hasty servants run,
Here limps the nurse, there creeps the butler's son,
While, inly fir'd with military pride,
I count the shatter'd pikes on every side:
The pointless faulchion, thro' its scabbard thrust,
The massy Bible, strew'd with reverend dust,
The sable chess-board, on the wainscot laid,
The pensive kitten, purring in the shade,
The dusky glass, half-glitt'ning in the sun,
Hook'd o'er the antique hearth the rusty gun,
The sculptur'd desk, the pictures in a row,
The fox's tail, and fishing-net I know!

There once plump HOSPITALITY would fit,
Grey-bearded HEALTH, plain SENSE, and native WIT.
In the brown cup they wash'd all pride away,
And not one poor man round them but was gay,
By sober rules they spent their small estate,
Kept want aloof, nor wish'd a higher fate,
For, all that frugal nature claims below,
Nature's own hoards abundantly bestow,
When for superfluous treasure we intreat,
Sour in possession, tho' in prospect sweet,
Kindness, not cruelty, the wish denies,
So weak is erring man, and GOD so wise!
Their fields, their flocks, their harvest-heaps could
give

Enough, to bid them and their children live,
All else beyond, to no profusion led,
But lent the wretch a supper and a bed.

Erewhile, the MODEL of a MAN I knew,
Who made, ev'n then, my best encomium true,
Early, in this bad world's profuse career,
Himself profuse, he bought experience dear,

With still enough, 'twas all his last desire,
 To line his couch, and light his country fire;
 Back he return'd from the distracting din
 Of pageant villainy, and painted sin,
 Convinced, (the keen conviction cost a tear,)
 That humbler merit had no business there;
 With cordial glee the hoary Sires attend,
 With sparkling eyes they meet their good, old friend,
 In foaming tankards frequent healths go down,
 And all inquire, how he escap'd the TOWN?

'Twere well would many a titled heir who longs
 For olive arbours and Italian songs,
 Trace the same sapient track, no longer roam,
 But learn to propagate his wealth at home,
 Hence, might the sturdy arm which help'd to raise
 That wealth, attain it's profit, and it's praise.

Just by the pathway rose his neat abode,
 As if to wooe the trav'ler from the road;
 Before, a chrystal vein of water stood,
 Behind, 'twas shadow'd by a waving wood;

The green-ey'd duck that waddled in the yard,
The gritting wheel that on the pavement jarr'd,
The flail, with sudden dash that stunn'd the ear,
The plaint, that gurgled from the dove-house near,
The playful curs that would each other chase,
All lent the whitewash'd dome a pastoral grace,
And all, by spleen-sick Fashion unconfin'd,
Were but the copious comment of his mind.

Yes, happy master of that small domain,
Thine was the honest blessing of the swain,
With thy big praise the stranger's breast would glow,
Still doubly dear to every child of woe,
Yes, thou would'st smile, unselfishly o'erjoy'd,
To view the peasant in thy field employ'd,
From thence procuring, (there no need to steal,)
For his weak tribe the comfortable meal;
Delightful toil! while the slow load he led
Of golden grain, a family he fed,
Then at hush'd eve, the chaste, connubial kifs,
Was his reward, and Love's domestic blifs,

Nor did he (oft in heav'n-ward figh exprest,) Forget the generous Donor of his rest,
 Ev'n cradled infant, taught by nurturing dame,
 Full well could lifp it's fecond Father's name.

Thus lives the GOOD MAN!—how a country fighs
 With genuine anguifh, when the GOOD MAN dies;
 Mufing, behold athwart yon black'ning mead,
 In folemn march his funeral pomp proceed,
 Pride and Protector of the mournful throng,
 Sad burthen! fee him flowly mov'd along;
 Far off the long proceffion's dusky hue
 Now ent'ring at the churchyard-gate, I view,
 And, now, while it's new gueft looks down from
 heav'n,
 Falls the full tear, and duft to duft is giv'n,
 From hearts his bounty eas'd, what forrows rife!
 That laft fhriek was his paffport to the fkies!

Kind, courteous SPIRIT, affably benign,
 Round thy glad front ferenest glories fhine,
 On everlafting archives are anneal'd,
 Thefe deeds thy virtuous diffidence conceal'd,

Nor, shall thy gen'rous mem'ry fade on earth,
Theme of the summer feat, and evening hearth,
Primrose and pansy, bath'd in pearly dew,
On thy green sod ethereal fingers strew,
And palmer Piety's ambrosial wreath
Entwines the desolating scythe of Death.

Ah! ye hard landlords, can no plea prevail,
To keep your tardy tenant from the jail,
Will you, for losses, he could not avert,
Unkindly wring the suffering parent's heart,
In tenfold woe the widow's portion steep,
And pluck it's morsel from the orphan's lip?
Ev'n now your surly slaves their victim seize,
Three pallid infants shrieking at his knees,
His skirt they grasp, they mount for the embrace,
And hope to read some comfort in his face.

Ye thoughtless great, with supercilious eye
Daily who pass the naked wanderer by,
Who grudge one mite of that enormous store
You idly squander, to the shivering poor,

How can you talk of sympathies refin'd,
The liberal spirit and the extensive mind?
Oh! witness heav'n! with heart and door unshut,
The labouring hind that shrinks into his hut,
Whose latch the mendicant may freely raise,
Nor for the little alms exhaust his praise,
More virtæ oft, more native honour knows
Than Grandeur strutting in his birth-day clothes.
I see him, having prest his homely fare,
Pursue some cherish'd trav'ler with a pray'r,
And thank in secret the indulgent sky,
That gave him pow'r to wipe the weeping eye.

Cherubic CHARITY, how soft a show'r
Of balm benign thy silent favours pour,
In the dark dungeon how thy presence charms,
Aims the fond hope, the blighted project warms,
Pervades, with open hand, the sorrowing earth,
And to misfortune lends the laugh of mirth;
In thy most winning, most resistless mien,
Thou deign'st to visit the sequester'd scene,
There the sick couch from ruder blast defend,
And art it's best physician and its Friend!

Nor deem that PENURY can ne'er invade,
With sharpest anguish, the forbidden shade:
A weak surmise! mid wintery snows severe,
Her bleakest residence is often there.
Where in that marshy desert far away
The rushlight flings it's intermitting ray,
With sickness leagu'd, from Pity's eye remov'd,
Her pangs, and speechless agonies are prov'd!
On the damp clay, or scanty straw reclin'd,
With scarce a tatter'd cov'ring from the wind,
There, fever-struck, a SIRE delirious lies,
There with convulsive gasp, a MOTHER dies,
Unheard, ascends the miserable cry,
And fainting sob, of famish'd INFANCY.

While costly physick tends the couch of state,
Cold, cold, this night, and comfortless your fate,
No dose to lull, no potion to sustain,
But the deep thunder, and the rattling rain!

Oh! SAVING POWER, when rough inclement hail,
And showery fleet, the wand'ring LAMB assail!

At midnight o'er the distant mountain stray'd;
 To THEE he bleats, nor bleats in vain for aid,
 Thy impulse soft to some thick shelter guides,
 Dries the wet turf, the wholesome herb provides,
 Nor leaves thy harmless trust, till, pacing by,
 The shepherd marks him with a careful eye.
 Yet, melancholy thought, shall MAN not hear
 Thy sweet embosom'd accents whisp'ring near,
 Shall hapless MAN, with solitary moan
 Destin'd to die, escape thy gaze alone;
 Oh! wilt not THOU by the hard pillow stand,
 Blend the cool draught, and stretch the healing
 hand?

All kindness THOU, THY intervening form
 Alike defends the warrior and the worm,
 The dole of Good in just libration weighs,
 Nor plunders THOSE to dissipate on THESE;
 From MAN, base fellow MAN, all sorrows spring,
 'Tis his ungentle flight imprints the sting,
 HE tears the wound, his skill alone can close,
 'Tis HE that revels in a BROTHER's woes!

Branded with all the curses of the dead,
Hide, villain, hide thy pestilential head,
Whose latent wile, and unsuspected snare,
Has at AFFLICTION'S threshold fix'd DESPAIR;
Ne'er to offended MERCY, impious, dare
In death's frore grasp to violate a pray'r,
At thy dark deeds the palsy'd cheek is pale,
The stiff blood curdles at the infernal tale,
To salvage wastes begone, where human eye
May ne'er thy defecrated hovel spy,
Where the gaunt wolf, and shaggy bear may be
For thy profane retreat, fit company !

When the last arrowey splendors streak the air,
What as yon ORCHARD so divinely fair,
How meltingly the borrow'd tints unite
On the round balls the crimson and the white ?
As half amid their clustering leaves they hide,
In blushes deeper than the morning dy'd.
Oh ! cease your farewell to the setting sun,
Ye shriller throats !—The nightingale's begun ;
A note so soft, so querulously clear,
Starts from the closing lid th' obedient tear,

While Contemplation heaves a tribute sigh
Enrapt, and silent droops he knows not why.

Away now all ye noisy storms of day,
Ye narrow passions, envious feuds, away,
Away, ye sounding rattles of this world,
When to the dungeon from the throne is hurl'd
AMBITION's maniac, and his jewel'd head
In grim mock-triumph to the scaffold led;
Let FORTUNE's minions worship at her shrine
For what I've got sincerest thanks be mine,
Fatal expence will drain the coffer'd ore,
When GRATITUDE may make my trifle more:
Hail GRATITUDE, of TRUTH the lovely child,
O'er Thee, the gods, in glittering synod smil'd,
To thee the intellectual charm they gave,
White HONOUR, with DISCRETION, truly brave, }
Mild as the halcyon mid the howling wave!

Whilom, what wayward ditties would I frame?
My tender breast then emulous of FAME,
Ev'n then, when the sage Pedagogue austere,
For tuneful truantry would draw the tear,

Ev'n then, I melted in melodious joy,
With wild-wreaths quaintly crown'd, the Muse's boy!
My song to hear, with venerable mien,
And brow intent, the parish-clerk would lean,
And conn'd by rote, the garrulous barber knew
To spread each sonnet the whole village thro'.
Nor was the village negligent of rhyme,
There, minstrels were rever'd since eldest time,
Nor ceas'd my HARETON's relics to inspire
The sprightly viol, and th' heroic lyre.

Romantic HARETON! in thy fairy glade,
All seasons, and their sweetnesss, were display'd,
Thy fairy glade, where elfin bevvies dance,
Twinkling their light heels to the lunar glance;
Whether coy SPRING disclos'd her balmy store,
Trembling, and scar'd by blasts she felt before,
Or SUMMER, high her sheafy crest would raise,
Luxurious nodding in the noontide blaze,
Or matron AUTUMN's browner beauties leave
Their pensive pressure on the gleaming eve,
Or ev'n mid central WINTER's icy bound,
Some dear, peculiar blessings might be found,

There, there, erewhile, th' enamour'd eye could trace
Blessings that blossom'd in no other place.

Ah! o'er the TUSCAN beverage I may try,
What madding joys in wassail tumult lie,
To distant shores depart, where deep enshrin'd,
Lascivious banquets lull the vanquish'd mind,
Yet still lay real happiness behind! }

Tho' winds round MARO's cottage MINICO's rill,
Tho' MULLA, taught by SPENCER, murmurs still,
Yet SHANNON, may thy wizard waters tell
Of bards who struck the many-chorded shell,
Tho' MARO triumph'd in AUGUSTAN fway,
Tho' great ELIZA smil'd on SPENCER's lay,
Yet, princely MOIRA, may my artless line
Boast no ignoble patronage in thine!

Ah! POESY, on whose superior state
Innum'rous ills, and daily perils wait,
Full oft have I had cause, (if Woe severe
A cause can give,) thy converse to forswear;
Yet with those various evils in thy train,
Methinks thy pleasure far exceeds thy pain;

As thro' the frothing surge with desperate sweep
The smooth keel cuts and harrows up the deep,
While the tough cordage cracks, and yelling loud,
The fierce north blusters in the frozen shroud,
In this pent vessel's narrow womb confin'd,
Slave to the mercy of the wave and wind,
Who sets my bold, unshackled FANCY free,
Who, oh! celestial Visitant, but THEE!
The hazel bow'r, for studious leisure wove,
The boxen seat amid the ivy'd grove,
The nibbling sheep that fed the tufts among,
The goats, that on the giddy summit hung,
The weather-mark that whistled to the wind,
The crooked path, where mingled bri'rs entwin'd,
The startling thrush that warbled as he flew.—
Dear former sights! oh! when shall I review?

Say, how can cruel MEMORY retain
Those pleasures here, which but augment my pain,
Here, where full many a dismal tempest past,
At the still hour, the frequent corse is cast
In the wide deep, without one sacred tear;—
Meanwhile, distinct to musing fancy's ear,

Wan ghosts, flow-rising from their wat'ry grave,
Moan to the murmur of the falling wave;
Yet, vain delusion, I expect, once more,
Secure to sit, nor dread the billowy roar,
Bound o'er the thicket, gambol on the lawn,
And taste of all the transports I have drawn.

Grant me, oh! GOD, immensely GOOD and WISE,
That quiet cell where true RELIGION lies,
Where modes of faith, and bigot strife aside,
CONSCIENCE itself the generous act will guide,
The monkish cowl, the drear monastic gloom,
The faintly gaud, and consecrated tomb,
Despis'd; let INSTINCT, each revolving hour,
In every part embrace the SOVEREIGN POW'R,
Let every bird I hear, and bud I see,
Still closer link my grateful soul to THEE,
For, each fresh object of my fostering care,
The shrub I rear'd, its fruit I wish'd to share,
The flight, the throb of thought, the magic line,
THOU gav'st them all, and all of them are THINE!

The End.

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POSTSCRIPT.

DESCRIPTIVE Poetry, though certainly the fairest branch of the PARNASSIAN laurel, has for some time past, been most severely assaulted by the unmerciful axe of critical bigotry. This attack was commenced under the pretext of pruning it's luxuriance, but, in fact, has left it withered and bare. I am not sure but our CENSORIAL COLOSSUS, the Great JOHNSON, (who possessed as much discernment, with as much frailty, as, in general, falls to the share of any one writer), has been, inadvertently, the author of this arbitrary degradation. It is, at least, countenanced by his austere reprehension of the SEASONS. Indeed, his antipathy to this species of composition and to blank verse, was equally

obstinate and unjust. I shall therefore presume to obtrude some suggestions in defence of my choice.

Though it's GREEK derivation may comprehend a creative faculty, yet, I fear, we must allow that all Poetry is merely IMITATIVE. Even the sublime phantoms of SHAKESPEARE, though by their eccentricity removed beyond the pale of human occurrence, are but copied from forms, *supposed* to have been seen, either by the bright, intuitive eye of the ENTHUSIAST, or, through the dim and discoloured optics of SUPERSTITION.

Nor is a fine delineation of nature very frequently less captivating than it's original, for it, necessarily, must blend admiration with delight. We view with too slight emotion, as the work of OMNIPOTENCE, what we behold with astonishment, as the execution of MAN. Hence, we are charmed with the propriety, the connexion, and the striking assemblage of fictitious light and shade in some celebrated picture, at the same time that the reality, seldom regarded, is ever before our eyes.

The powers of mind requisite for an attractive piece of description are not trivial; they must be ingenious, energetic, and refined. I, likewise, believe that an apposite description of scenes, novel from their remoteness, or pleasing from their congeniality, may have as much merit as what we style ETHIC, and which is only welcome from it's similitude to the manners of the world. I confess I am always more sincerely soothed, or elevated, with some well-designed, though irregular *landscape* of SALVATOR ROSA, than with the most finished *portrait* of the most favourite master. After all our idle pursuits in life, I mean in busy, bustling life, there still remains some secret, endearing tie, which connects us to the mild enjoyments of the country, and even at the age of fourscore, we still dwell with fondness on the innocent raptures of fifteen.

I am, however, far from being an advocate for those puerile and jejune productions, where


“*Pure description* holds the place of *sense*,”

as I apprehend that it is entirely capable of the most

pathetic graces, especially when narration is inserted with becoming elegance. It then approaches nearly to the DIDACTIC, which is, at once, improving and agreeable. I am sorry to imagine that the disesteem into which DESCRIPTIVE POESY has fallen, may have been caused by that neglect of simplicity in diction, and plan, which so shamefully marks the flimsy effusions of the present day. The crude and turgid eclogues of SANNAZARIUS, MANTUAN, and the modern ITALIAN school, are as much unlike the unaffected majesty and noble sweetness of VIRGIL, as many of our late applauded efforts are unlike the strong and masculine beauties of our literary fathers. There are but two peremptory exceptions in either age, VIDA in ITALY, and GOLDSMITH in ENGLAND. To simplicity the FRENCH have no pretensions, their *forte* lies another way, in the poignancy of epigram, and the ironical adroitness of satyr. We, however, have taken very commendable care of their poetical tinsel, we have unburthened them of their *jeu d'esprits*, and very prudently transplanted them into our more elaborate pages, either philosophic or religious.

Thus far extends my intrusion on the realms of disquisition, I have now to pause, with anxiety, if not with despair, on domestic blemishes. It is necessary to premise that the foregoing verses, were, strange as it may appear, composed during an expedition at sea. This will elucidate some allusions, otherwise not easily understood, and, perhaps, palliate that deficiency of LUCID ORDER, which must immediately be discerned. It was no trifling labour to induce the NINE to forsake their HELICON for salt water, though VENUS herself had the honour to be cradled on the ocean.

In recompence for this material objection, I have endeavoured to introduce some views of rural misfortune, as well as of felicity, which, I trust, will engage the attention of a feeling breast. I have opened the latch on unassisted penury, expiring, without one charitable hand to succour or solace the moment of annihilation; amidst the horrors of a tempestuous night, and the still more afflicting ideas of a little family, left crying for food.



I have endeavoured, by depicting the flagitiousness of mercenary passion in its most odious colours, to pourtray the transports of real love, founded on the sympathy of hearts, in the most amiable light.

I have ventured to use plain, unadulterated language, forcible expression, clear, concise sentiment, and the unfashionable science of moral observation.

But I am in entire want of formal connexion, dazzling figures, metaphoric phrase, and metaphysical scruple;

“ Yet tho’ depriv’d of instruments like these,
“ NATURE, perhaps, may find a way to please;
“ Which, wheresoe’er she glows with genuine flame,
“ In GREECE, in ROME, in ENGLAND, is the same.”

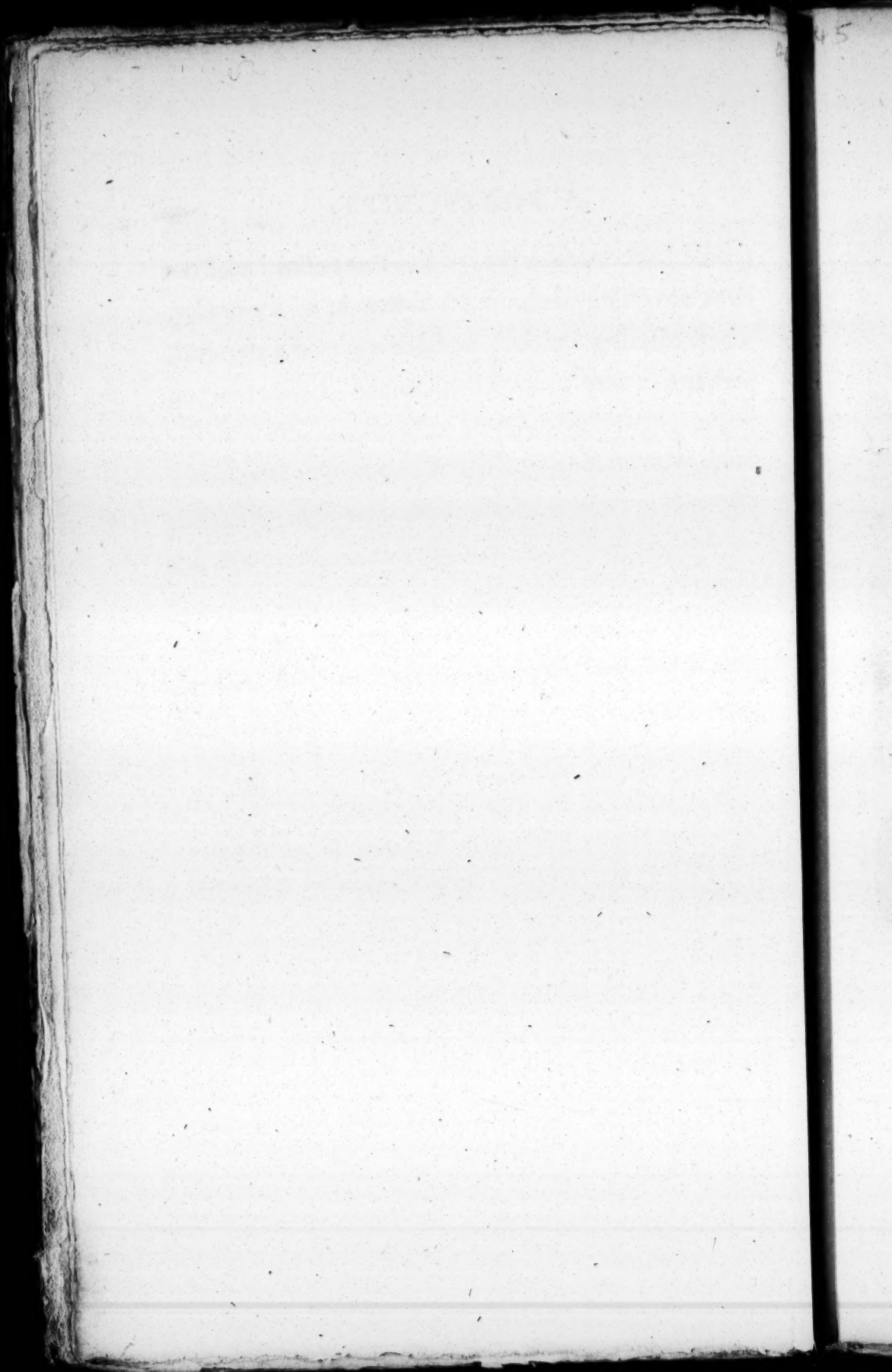
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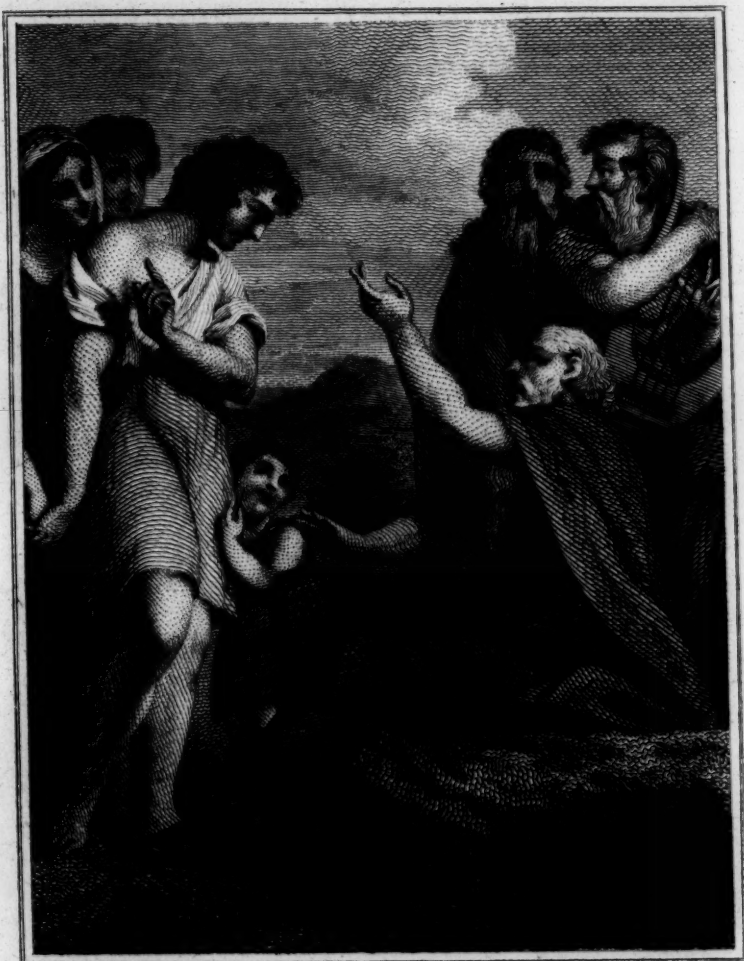
I now intreat the candour of the PUBLIC to this unassuming attempt, which may be hereafter amended by some more worthy exertion, at the same time informing it, with true caution, that THIS SKETCH

A POSTSCRIPT.

43

should have made a part of the PREFACE, had I not been unwilling to daunt the fortitude of the reader, when entering on the perusal of a very diffuse, and, perhaps, a very tedious POEM.





S. Rigaud delin.

W. Cooke sculp.

*Tradition's volubly — transmitting Tongue
Will catch the hallow'd numbers which she sung;
Fire to their list'ning Sons repeat them o'er;
And spread the legend wide till Language is no more.*

Pursuit of Patronage.

Published Oct. 1 1800. by Vernon & Hood, Poultry.

THE
PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE:
A Poetical Epistle.

Et GENUS, et VIRTUS nisi cum RE vilior alga est!

Sense is the scorn of every wealthy Fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

DRYDEN.

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THE
PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE:

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

THO' lost for ever those delightful dreams,
That Fancy o'er the twilight-rapture streams,
No more recluse, with pensive joy, to walk,
Or hearken to the Muse's whisper'd talk;
No more to breathe the soul in witching rhyme,
By wizard fount, deep dell, or hill sublime,
What time the fere leaf quivers to the ground,
And SILENCE sheds her solemn calm around,
And Autumn's tawny hand, with touch unseen
Strips from the bending branch it's garment green,
And moaning sad thro' each unblossom'd spray,
Shrieks shrill the awful Genius of Decay;
Tho' doom'd, enchanting POESY, no more
High-charm'd to listen to thy warbled lore,

48 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

Tho' in Oblivion's dusky pool, to hide
 That flute, whilere my pleasure and my pride,
 With which so oft I woke the blushing day,
 The lark alone, sweet rival of my lay,
 Yet the dire vengeance of immortal song
 Let Genius thunder on the tasteless throng,
 Who, basely girdled by a scoundrel train,
 Eschew the minstrel, yet adore the strain,
 Lift at each line th' ecstatic-rolling eye,
 But leave the Bard to languish and to die;
 For such there are, and such should surely feel
 The lasting pang of the poetic wheel;
 So shall they boast no more a borrow'd fame,
 Unjust usurpers of the PATRON's name,
 Distinguish'd name! by ancients approv'd,
 Which SYDNEY cherish'd and SOUTHAMPTON lov'd,
 One did a SPENSER, one a SHAKESPEARE raise,
 And gave and got inestimable praise!

Ah thou, encompass'd with domestic pain,
 Who fondly hope to build the lofty strain,
 To weave the magic lay, whose light and shade,
 Deep hues and dazzling colours must not fade;

Who mount Imagination's rainbow wing,
Dipt in gay teints of the Pierian spring,
Ah! turn, and damp'd be thy enthusiast joy!
To CHATTERTON, the Muse's matchless boy,
With every grace of ancient wisdom blest,
All untaught genius breathing from his breast.

Behold the haughty soul o'er heav'n that flew,
Submissive, for a paltry pittance sue,
Behold those lines that feed the general ear,
Despis'd, discarded by the listless Peer!
Behold, (when vain each gentler plea to claim
A little notice of that mighty name,)
In scorn too fierce, and disappointment dire,
The wonder of the learned world expire!
Can studious zeal his rapid flights to trace,
Or catch one meaning shadow of his face?
Can Admiration, with its late applause,
Or o'er each beauty the astonish'd pause,
Alas! to soothe his lone, enanguish'd ghost,
In youth's proud, dauntless prime for ever lost,
Tho' my heart gushes o'er his piteous tale,
Can e'en this honest verse of mine avail?

50 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

But should'st thou more on elder proofs rely,
 Th' historic page shall wound thy injur'd eye,
 There still, in sad succession, they appear
 To check thy warmth, and start the tender tear.
 All chill'd his faery ecstasies divine
 With wayward crosses, and penury, and pine,
 Sore shent by fickle Fortune's wint'ry blast,
 The pleasant sunshine of Hope's summer past,
 And o'er his cote fell Eurus whistling frore;
 Lo! MULLA's minstrel on JUVERNA's shore:
 Ah me! while foemen deal him grievous wrong,
 Full deftly he indites his dainty song,
 And though his tears may with his descant flow;
 Th' unconquerable mind still mocks at woe!
 Sweet Bard! when ev'ning breathes a purer air,
 No boist'rous breeze their fleeting form to tear,
 Still round thy tomb the elfin bevvies glide,
 Bath'd in the trembling moonbeam's yellow tide,
 Still, in that ring their mystic feats renew,
 And crush the lurking worm, and kill th' unwholesome
 dew!

Compell'd by want to gild a graceless Court,
 Where all was empty jest, and idle sport,

Where Vice with Folly leagued, her revels held,
And chas'd the bashful Virtues from the field,
See DRYDEN scatter his ambrosial hoard
Of sacred incense o'er some booby lord,
Oh see! scintillant from his mental fire
Bright points of wit, that sparkle and expire,
Gross, pond'rous dolts upbuoy'd in hasty Odes,
And British blockheads turn'd to Græcian Gods!
Yet, what proud meed awaits the LAUREATE'S
death,

What pomp sepulchral, what distinguish'd wreath?
By a lewd rake his sacred corse profan'd,
For debt great DRYDEN'S last, sad rite detain'd;
When o'er his bier the widow'd plaint is heard,
At length, by common charity interr'd!

Who led by sweet Simplicity aside
From pageants, that we gaze at to deride,
Has not, while wilder'd in the bowery grove,
Oft sigh'd "Come live with me, and be my love!"
Yet oh! be love transform'd to deadly hate,
As freezes memory at MARLOW'S fate,

52 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

Disastrous bard! by too much passion warm'd,
 His fervid breast a menial beauty charm'd,
 Nor, vers'd in arts deceitful woman knows,
 Saw he the period of his future woes;
 Vain the soft plaint that fordid breast to fire
 With warmth refin'd, or elegant desire,
 Vain his melodious magic to impart
 Affections, foreign to th' unfeeling heart,
 In guardless ecstacy's delicious glow
 He sinks beneath a vassal murd'rer's blow,
 O'er his dread fate my kindred spirit stands
 Smit with commutual wound, and Pity wrings her
 hands!

Ah! had some genial ray of bounty shone
 On talents, that but lack'd it's aid alone,
 Had some soft pennon of protection spread
 It's eider-plumage o'er that hapless head,
 What emanations of the beauteous mind
 Had deck'd thy works, the marvel of mankind,
 Snatch'd from low-thoughted care thy stooping
 foul,
 And plac'd thee radiant on Fame's deathless roll,

Where still anneal'd, thy one unequall'd strain
Shall, crown'd by Sensibility, remain!

Could JOHNSON's learned skill, or moral pow'r,
Whose science rifled ev'ry ATTIC flow'r,
Their honey-dews suck'd from all blooms that blow,
And stripp'd of all it's sweets HYMETTUS' brow,
Could aught his wisdom, or his worth obtain
Thro' many a year, elaborately vain?
In patient poverty his youth was past,
And when flow favor, ling'ring, came at last,
Life's sprightly vigor flown, enjoyment lost,
Dear was the gift that so much labour cost;
E'en polish'd STANHOPE, when too late imprest
With Truth's resistless energy his breast,
The proffer'd good his vanity supply'd,
Saw with a manly fortitude deny'd,
Merit's proud modesty the kindness spurn'd,
By venal flattery to be return'd!

Quaint Humour's child, whose "colonelling"
knight
Grave Satire archly kens with new delight,

54 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

Ingenious BUTLER! through thy various round
 Of promissory jilts, what friend was found?
 Tho' oft he conn'd thy volume laughter-fraught,
 Tickled by each inimitable thought,
 (Good, easy man, with heedless glee he read,)
 Could e'en thy Sov'reign's mass afford thee bread?
 And BUCKINGHAM's loose conduct well may shew
 That wit, to wit is oft it's greatest foe.
 O! in our later æra could I see
 One son of smiling Ridicule, like thee,
 Still, (~~keen~~ correction leering in her eyes,)
 Profuse of mirth, might sportive Censure rise,
 Drop soft elixir where she wounds the heart,
 And tickle with the plume that guides her dart!

In a dark garret, where the biting cold
 No chearful hearth allays, poor BOYSE behold!
 A blanket skew'r'd his shiv'ring shoulder wears,
 Outrageous Hunger at his vitals tears,
 Not one dry crust his tuneful toil requites,
 And, e'en in famish'd misery, he writes,
 Yet, FIELDING's candid judgment may sustain
 The doubted value of his lofty vein!

Hark! what wild numbers break, sublimely sweet,
The breathing stillness of this deep retreat,
What bursts delirious of reviving song,
Steal on each sense those gloomy cells among,
'Tis SMART!—anon, the maniac minstrel raves,
Loud as the tempest, fiercer than the waves,
And now, attuning soft a gentler lay,
It's tones,—how musical they faint away!

Of TASTE's bright PLEIADS a distinguish'd star,
Whose burnish'd glories still are beam'd afar,
What fair resource did LOYD in grandeur meet,
His earliest lustre fully'd in the FLEET;
With CHURCHILL mark him at the social board,
What charms they cull from Reason's festive hoard,
But all the pleasures of the feast remov'd,
Which HEBE might have serv'd, and GODS ap-
prov'd,
All the soft solace of the banquet o'er,
And, dire to pay, the long-protracted score,
How shall their host the vent'rous heroes quit,
Wit without money, money without wit,

56 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

'Till PHŒBUS, muffled in the shaggy cloke
Of Bookseller, expound the knotty joke,
Soothe the CERBEREAN landlord with a fee,
Clear the tremendous bill, and set his fav'rites free.

He who aspires to please this sapient age,
And reap due profit too, must mount the stage,
Yet, brief indeed the ACTOR's highest boast,
His acmé in an hour attain'd or lost,
A casual fall the firmest frame destroys,
A curst catarrh obstructs the foundest voice;
Nor should'st thou, PAINTING, too unjustly vain,
Thy elder sister's nobler art disdain,
Or, join with powerful MUSIC, to dethrone
Consummate worth, superior to your own;
The symmetry exact, the touching grace
Finely diffus'd o'er Action's form or face;
The canvass, with creative colour fir'd;
The airs, by hymning cherubim inspir'd;
Fleeting and frail, are transitory all,
Nor oft will Wisdom on their raptures call;
But the bold song, where proud to vanquish Time,
Fond POESY pours forth the kindling rhyme,

In splendid rivalry where beauties meet,
And shining order marks the piece complete,
Tho' envious Chance consume the guardian page
Commission'd to inform each future age,
Water nor Fire, with all their vengeance fraught,
Impious, can hurt th' INVIOABLE THOUGHT,
Tradition's volubly-transmitting tongue
Will catch the hallow'd numbers which she sung,
Sires to their list'ning sons repeat them o'er,
And spread the legend wide, 'till language is no
more!

Who has not heard of CARAVAGGIO's name?
Illumin'd by the painter's purest flame,
His graceful strokes delude the gazing eye,
Glide to the heart, and Nature's self supply:
On journey bent, his weary feet could find,
Tatter'd and poor, no habitation kind,
No unthatch'd hovel, no deserted shed,
Where hapless Genius might repose his head;
At length, a sordid inn, where carters rest,
And beggars vile, receives the gifted guest,

58 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

Whose skill, employ'd to grace the gaudy sign,
 Must prove it's best effort, before he dine;
 And now the umber'd board before him stands,
 Pallet and pencil fill his forming hands,
 The mingling colours meet, and red and white,
 Each other's aid! harmoniously unite,
 'Till the full figures rise, and swell upon the sight! }
 Sublime it swings afloat the public road:
 At morn, the Artist quits his mean abode.
 Meanwhile, by fortune led to pass that way,
 On neighing courser, with attendants gay,
 A critic wight came pricking o'er the plain,
 Right soon the sign-post doth his speed detain,
 With curious haste he views, and quick surprize,
 And for a sum immense the PICTURE buys!
 Amaz'd with joy, th' unconscious master stares,
 Straight from his stall the saddled steed prepares, &c
 And, wing'd with hope, the Stranger's path pur-
 sues;—
 But, how the rest to tell, too tragic muse!
 By a ditch-side, in death his forrowing eyes
 For ever seal'd, the slighted Painter lies.

Hence may be taught the young unpractic'd heart
That gothic dullness chill'd each kindred art,
And though the Poet, much to public shame,
Preeminence of penury may claim,
Scarce less has barb'rous ignorance o'erlaid
The mimic world by dædal painting made;
Oh! say what foul the Muses deign to bless
In fawning phrase the servile song will dress,
Drop the smooth balm from Adulation's plume,
And picture Plenty on a Miser's tomb?
Yet, some, by partial glimmer led astray
Of fun-like Inspiration's ardent day,
On brainless skulls the blushing wreath have plac'd,
Or giv'n a Marquis sense, a Nabob taste,
Stuck a pert Fiddler next to NEWTON's bust,
And rais'd a titled dolt on MILTON's dust!

So have I seen a strolling ROMEO woo
Some cookmaid, redolent of fav'ry stew,
And pressing her coarse paw, unwash'd, and tann'd,
Sigh, "the white wonder of my JULIET's hand!"
For well, smooth Flatt'ry! can thy colours spread
Youth's damask blushes with a warmer red,

60 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

Uncrutch hoar eld, and make the shrivell'd cheek,
Blushy as BACCHUS, as ADONIS sleek!

Let him, who desperately prone to eat
The crumbs of PATRONAGE, would court the GREAT,
Consider well, to cool his scribbling rage,
Thy apoplectic homily, LE SAGE!
Daub thick his dedication o'er with lies,
And to the slippery heights of falsehood rise,
Nor forfeit for uncivil truths his place,
But glory in a gen'rous want of Grace.

In Life's lone paths, and solitary glooms,
How many a flow'r has spent its choicest blooms;
Nip'd in it's bud by an untimely blight,
By circling weeds all hid from public sight,
Unknown its fragrance, beautiful in vain,
And torn and trampled by the passing swain,
No lordly son of wealth, no liberal fair,
Pluck'd the lost gem to grace a garland rare,
But spurn'd the simple chaplet nature yields,
Cull'd from the produce of our British fields,

While fam'd exotics, a vile, sickly race,
Find in the warmest beds unbounded space,
There, fade in state, fuliginously grim,
And rot, the martyrs of capricious whim!

Who, tho' on eagle wing alert to soar,
Scans thy sweet lay, disastrous DELACOUR?
Who, nervous BROOKE's illuminated lines,
Where all the PATRIOT in GUSTAVUS shines,
Tho' splendidly obscure, the hero of the Mines?
Not nobler thoughts could ADDISON express,
And CATO might assume the SWEDISH dress!

Oh! Thou, who mellow'd first my artless note,
To piety, at once, and verse devote,
Who the rude depths of DANTE hast explor'd,
Yet ORPHEUS-like return'd, to light restor'd,
And then did'st follow, unappal'd by fear,
Frantic ORLANDO in his mad career,
Or, bosom'd in Ophelia's haunted vale,
Of princely EUGENE fang'st the wond'rous tale,
Oh! skill'd, like TURPIN, with sagacious eye
To pierce the glorious rites of Chivalry,

62 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE,

And fill each Chronicle's mysterious void:—
Pattern of modest worth, where art thou, BOYD?

Tho' Fancy o'er my cradled vision smil'd,
And fav'ring Muses own'd their darling child,
Tho' secret blifs, ineffably refin'd,
Shed soft illufions o'er my melting mind,
And her fantaftic mirror Promise gave;
E'en then misfortune mark'd me for her flave,
Dependance pointed to my lot forlorn,
And mid the rofes thruft a latent thorn:
From youth's firft dawn to manhood's riper day,
What fcenes have drawn my pilgrim-ftep aftray,
Deceitful fcenes! in fairy profpect bright,
But dim'd too often on the cheated fight;
Ere yet Grief's keenefl haft unerring fped,
And Rapture wip'd the tear that Pity fhed,
What winning forms aye beck'd me to purfue
Such fhades, as colder Prudence never knew,
While, every fibre ftretching e'en to pain,
I commun'd with the BEINGS of the BRAIN!

Late, o'er my head, I view the gathering cloud
Of sorrow, wrap me in its sablest shroud,
Of life's machine the movements wear away,
And those voluptuous fantasies decay,
Yet, still, with undiminish'd smile remain
Some silent, conscious guests to soothe my pain,
Still, meek-ey'd Feeling bends, divinely mov'd,
In social woe, o'er him the Muses lov'd,
Still Friendship, from it's healing store bestows
A sov'reign cure each flighter fear to close,
And fair Devotion, brightly fleeting by,
Unbars new portals to a purer sky,
Whence, seraphs leading from th' angelic quire
Invite, to sweep a more immortal lyre!
Be thine, my FRIEND! with free, facetious ease,
And flashes of unpilfer'd mirth to please,
Whom Fortune fix'd, then learning first to feel,
Just on the middle spoke of her inconstant wheel,
Be ne'er thy page, to gull a guilty taste,
By Ribaldry's licentious trash disgrac'd,
Be ne'er thy satire strew'd on Virtue's bier,
Nor yet the frown of Vice in office fear,

64 THE PURSUIT OF PATRONAGE.

And still, with honest apathy, avoid
 That glut of wit, where every palate's cloy'd,
 Where Malice harlequins in Humour's vest,
 And brother fools stand gaping for the jest:
 Oh! would th' indulgent stars this hand allow
 To quit the barren pen, and grasp the plough,
 Cheerful to chaunt unmeditated lays,
 And see, at eve, the sprightly faggot blaze,
 Reckless of all the brilliant toys of state
 That win those babies, falsely styl'd the Great,
 With friends, select but few, the noisy town
 I'd fly, for green retreats, and shadows brown,
 Shrink mid their vernal fold, and safe within,
 Despise th' abode of Luxury and Sin,
 Stretch'd by a winding streamlet's tiny tide,
 Forget majestic TAMUS' ocean pride,
 Nor miss, where village-spires presume to rise,
 LONDON's imperial top that wounds the skies.

ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION;

TO

AN UNFORTUNATE TAYLOR.

Hei mihi!

O, THOU! whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream,
Whose Goose, hot-hissing thro' the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream,

Why do imaginary needles wound,
Why do thy sheers clip short my fleeting joys,
Ah! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The "Ghost of Shreds and Patches," awful rise?

Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head,
The liberal linings of that breast unfold,
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread,
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold!

F

Tho' doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of modern date to use,
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the Muse.

Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why call on every pow'r in fore dismay,
Thy warmest oraisons, alas! are late;
Reflect:—did'st thou e'er know a Poet pay?

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh,
Vain thy devotions from that fable shrine,
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly,
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine?

Ah, me! so long with dire consumption pin'd,
When shall that purse ill-omen'd, proudly swell
Full as the sail that holds the fav'ring wind:
Mysterious ministers of money, tell!

Fond man! while pausing o'er that gloomy page,
That tells thee what thou art, in terms too plain,
O'er the capacious Ledger lose thy rage,
Nor, of unsettled debts again be vain;

TO AN UNFORTUNATE TAYLOR. 67

There lords and dukes and mighty princes lie,
Nor on them can'st thou for prompt payment call,
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye?
One honest, genuine Bard is worth them all!

A common garment, such as mortals wear,
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give,)
Thou mad'st, and lo! it lasted one short year;
But, in my garment thou shalt ever live:

Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from Fancy's loom all superfine,
Nor, shall I, cruel, haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine:

Let sage philosophy thy soul inform,
With strength heroic every ill to bear,
Not better broad-cloth braves the angry storm,
And constant patience is delightful wear;

Be patient, then, and wise, nor meanly shrink,
Beneath Despondency's tumultuous blast,
The reck'ning-day may come, when least you think,
A joyful day,—tho' miracles are past!

CARROL'S COMPLAINT.

WHERE ANTRIM's giant pillars rise
Abrupt, to prop th' incumbent skies,
And fling their frowning shadows o'er the flood;
Wild with woe his frenzy'd air,
His big breast to the tempest bare,
Smit with his country's wounds indignant CARROL
flood,
Responsive to his tuneful lore,
JUVERNA's ancient harp he bore,
Holy harp! whose witching numbers
Lap'd the soul in heavenly slumbers,
Bade youth's impassion'd bosom bleed,
Or, wak'd the gen'rous mind to high, heroic deed:
Thou, a sea-nymph once, could skim
Gentle Ocean's burnish'd brim,
Once, thro' coral groves could stray,
And with the dimpling eddies play,
'Till chang'd by Fate, to sooth that shore
With song, which thou did'st wash before,

Thy pristine form reverfely twin'd,
Thy filvery fhoulders ftretch'd behind,
Lo! ftill th' uninjur'd mermaid-ftape remains,
Save that thy copious locks afford
To Mufic each appropriate chord,
Nor SOL's bright trefles pour'd fuperior ftains!
With tutor'd fingers, taught to fly
Thro' ev'ry maze of harmony,
The Bard, (erewhile, whole magic meafures
Steep'd the tearful lid in pleasures,
And grac'd the ftoried hall of Chieftains and of
Kings,)

Thus fwapt with forrowing agony the ftings.

“ Doom'd to perifh, haplefs coaft,
Never more thy birth-right boaft,
Purchas'd with thy flowing gore,
Independance boaft no more;
The native fragrance of thy fields,
The ftore thine every valley yields,
Plains, where Learning's pilgrim feet
Firft could find a fafe retreat,

Plains, where nought empoison'd dwells,
Whilom purg'd by faintly spells,
Basely fold, and eyer lost,
Henceforth, shall glut a rav'ning host:
Fiends of Slaughter! say, if yet
Martyr'd Peace be in your debt,
Not enough of carnage, say,
So insatiate still to slay?
Flesh'd in death, inhuman, tell
How many a guiltless victim fell?
Has not oft the filial sword
The father's wither'd breast explor'd?
Has not, oft, the infant's scream,
Mid the fir'd hut's midnight gleam,
Has not, oft, the virgin's shriek,
(Double-dy'd in blood her cheek!)
Has not, oft, the matron's cry,
Her sons, her husband groaning nigh,
Wrung, and torn my bursting soul?—
Mark a part, not blast the whole;
The wily knave, who leads astray
The peasant tribe, an easy prey!

CARROL'S COMPLAINT.

71

The fool, by mad ambition led
And idle praise, to risque his head,
The bold-fac'd thief, th' affassin dark,
{ Unmov'd, for instant vengeance mark,
CARROL's self will dig their grave,
But spare the INNOCENT, the BRAVE!"

HYMN TO BEAUTY.

MISTRESS of magic wiles! whose humid glance,
Transparent bloom, and soft cœlestial air,
So oft my breast have steep'd in heav'nly trance,
And chas'd with rosy smile delighted Care;

Still let thy charming agonies invade,
Thy panting pleasure, thy voluptuous pain,
Still let me clasp thy semblance in the shade,
Oh! still enrol me with thy laughing train!

O'er Plato's sapient thought 'twas thou did'st stream
Visions of joy, and philosophic blifs,
And sweetest still has been the Poet's dream,
Nectarous flavor'd by a fragrant kiss:

Ere yet Creation, from the depth beneath
Refulgent rose; dull Night's drear realm destroy'd,
'Twas thy ambrosial spirit first could breathe
Perfection o'er the solitary void:

Whence doth bright Painting cull her graceful line?
Her glowing tints, her captivating dies?
And whence, the Poet form his fair design,
But from th' inspiring lustre of thine eyes?

Those heaving hillocks, where twin-strawb'ries
grow,
Tho' flutt'ring Loves the blissful confines keep,
Insatiate, let me print their yielding snow,
And press the pouting cherry on thy lip;

Askance, pale Care, a wither'd crone, may view
Envious, the glowing fold he can't enjoy,
But still to youth, and youthful passion true,
Be mine the transport,—Prudence would destroy.

V E R S E S,

TO

A FAVOURITE YOUNG ACTRESS.

RAYLESS and faint the lesser stars appear,
That gild the gay theatric hemisphere,
When, VENUS-like, thy radiant looks display
The rosy promise of a brighter day;
What glowing touches of unrivall'd art,
Illume my spirit, animate my heart,
Call from its ruby source the vital tide,
And o'er my kindling cheek diffuse it wide!
Bold Fancy's falcon-wing, with tow'ring flight
Vainly essays to reach thy dazzling height,
Drooping, she sinks beneath thy ardent blaze,
And, lost in sighing languishment, I gaze!
Yet, fondly, still let me pursue a theme
Fairer than ever blest a Poet's dream,
Catch inspiration from thy sunny eyes,
And, with the soft idea, learn to rise.

Pardon, sweet daughter of the scenic muse,
That Admiration, now, in silence views,
And, damp'd by chill Despair his tuneful fire,
APOLLO slumbers on his golden lyre,
But when, (ye Pow'rs! protract the distant date,)
That angel form submits to frowning Fate,
(Whom, cruel, nor cœlestial charms can move,
Nor kisses from the violet lip of Love,)
When heard no more the witching airs you sung,
When mute the melting magic of that tongue,
When fades the living lustre from your eye,
The roses wither, and the lilies fly,
Caught by my strain, each future age shall view
Thy beauteous picture to it's semblance true,
Cull from each line thy genuine talents forth,
Nor wonder, that I paus'd to match thy worth.

A N S W E R

TO

AN ANONYMOUS ADDRESS.

OF him, whom Science once held dear,
And Fancy seem'd to mark her own,
(Reflexion, spare the anguish'd tear!)
Ah! little, now, is heard or known;

Immerst in silent, hopeless woe,
To Prudence lost, to Pleasure cold,
Can the mute page my passion show,
Can words my bleeding breast unfold?

Then, dear Invisible, forbear
To wake one spark of former pride,
Nor the deep wounds of Sorrow tear,
That Feeling would for ever hide!

GENIUS PERSONIFIED.

BY yon lone copse have you not seen,
 With folded arms, and musing mien,
 The pensive POET stray,
 What time the West's last, fading fire,
 Seem'd in soft flashes to expire,
 And vestal Twilight mourn'd the solemn Death of
 Day?

Did you not mark his varying face,
 His wayward, wild, disorder'd pace,
 His loose, uncertain air,
 The light'nings that illum'd his eye,
 With angel-forms conversing high,
 Anon, all sudden sunk in motionless despair?

Youth of unsettled soul, ah! stay
 Thy furious, rash, enthusiast way,

Nor seek yon shade forlorn;
 Nor, on yon tumbling torrent pore,
 Nor, roam along the desert shore,
 'Till the drear tempest smiles beneath the gleam of
 Morn!

Does broken Friendship wound thy breast,
 Or slighted Love, severest pest!
 Or disappointed Pride?
 Ah! me, that breast, divinely meek,
 Nor Love's, nor Friendship's bonds could break,
 And, but thy pastoral reed, thou scorn'st all pomp
 beside!

'Tis haughty scorn of humbler worth,
 Disdaining thy inglorious birth,
 Unconscious of thy mind,
 That drives thee thus to scenes remote,
 That checks thy sweetly-warbled note,
 And in despondence sleeps thine energies refin'd:

Thus, useless by some savage stream,
 A Ruby sheds its sanguine beam,

Nor knows the wond'ring fwain,
This jewel, in it's proper place,
The Monarch's starry front might grace,
Or, brighter than her eyes, the Beauty's zone sustain!

THE
BLIND BEGGAR'S ADDRESS

TO HIS DOG.

SPEED, grateful partner of my darksome way,
Speed to yon stately porch with cautious pace,
To me supply the chearful beam of day,
And friendship, vainly fought amid my race!
No Spaniel thou, with sleek and fawning art;
When fortune wooes, to court the dainty board,
But in the rough, and anguish'd hour depart,
When fortune, top, forsakes thy ruin'd lord:

From these fond arms a father's darling fled,
Lur'd by a smiling villain's crafty lore,
Where hides the wretch belov'd her shameful head,
When virgin-truth, when honour is no more?

My gallant boy, too resolutely brave,
Perchance, ignobly pines in hostile chains,
Perchance, far, far from me, a sordid grave
He fills:—my faithful DOG alone remains.

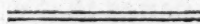
Yet, guiltless he, of pangs that rive this breast,
Guiltless, a victim for his country's good,
But where shall fair, afflicted Sorrow rest,
By penury, and pride, and scorn subdu'd?

Speed, trusty Guide! for in yon dome reside
Plenty and Peace, devoid of pompous glare,
Oh, speed! and while I stroke thy jetty side,
With me the sweetest morsel shalt thou share;

With ribband gay thy gentle head I'll deck,
Or tiny bell, thy weary road to cheer,
Smooth the dusk beauties of thy shining neck,
And clip, with harmless skill, each velvet ear;

With merry bark, when early dawn appears,
 (No dawn to me,) thou'lt rouse my little shed,
 And, tho' too oft my crust be steep'd in tears,
 Drink from my cup, and from my food be fed;

And, when in death are clos'd those watchful eyes,
 Tho' scoffing Prudence the fond tribute scorn,
 On thy green tomb a modest wreath shall rise,
 And Gratitude remove the ruder thorn!



A

RHAPSODIC EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND.

Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in
 amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia, tum lepos, huma-
 nitas, literæ. CICERO. Lib. xi. Ep. 27.

THO' some of your old Greekish fellows
 Demurely in dry annals tell us,
 That Squire AMPHION, with a ditty,
Sans doute, uprear'd the THEBAN city,

To capering pebbles gave no quarter,
And rigadoon'd the lime and mortar;
Another, having still'd the motion
Of that confounded scold, the Ocean,
On Dolphin's back, rode fairly over
Far as from CALAIS' point to DOVER,
'Bout saddle, *certes*, he was idle,
But the tail serv'd him for a bridle,
Then, having got with bumbo merry,
Discharg'd with a droll catch his ferry;
Nay, ORPHEUS, (keep us all from evil!)
Thus arm'd, went headlong to the Devil,
And made the damn'd souls, to his fiddle
Frisk, like a hen on a hot griddle;
Guess, too, the errand, for your life?—
Why, truly, to redeem—his wife!
Few mates, I wot, would so have blunder'd
In this blest year of Eighteen hundred.

Heav'n help the poor rogues that are witty,
Those times are past;—the more's the pity!

No baker now, say all you can say,
Will tick on couplet, verse, or stanza;
For Alexandrine smooth, or triplet,
No butcher trust a goose's giblet;
Nor landlord, (curse the tasteless throng,)
Be paid his quit-rent—with a song.
Poets, alas! no more have pow'r
To build, with tuneful jigs, a tow'r,
Save, when sublim'd by slender fare,
They conjure castles in the air,
Or, partly feeding like wild asses
Snuff the keen breezes of PARNASSUS,
Round the steep hill, like mad curvetting,
Quite careless of that thing call'd—EATING,
* “Fat feast that with the dogs doth diet,”
Would never let such blades be quiet.
For magic lines, still current found,
Of sterling weight, and silver sound,
That any wight, with ease may scan,
Sweet ABR'AM NEWLAND is your man,

* Lean fast that with the Gods doth diet. MILTON.

For, damme, I'll maintain it still,
There's music in a good Bank-bill,
And tho' to rhyme not much confin'd,
Music of the most moving kind;
Whoever deems this idle fust,
By JOVE, "is dark as EREBUS,"
No fear his pence with mould be rusted,
So, hosts! "let no such man be trusted!"
And yet, dear part'ner of the pen!
Tho' blockheads jeer us, nine in ten,
We to our trade devoutly clinging,
Still grace the art,—of ballad-singing,
We, when the melting mind's in tune,
True, frolic children of the Moon,
Each ev'ning, from our upper windows,
Take a celestial jaunt to PINDUS,
There romp, and dance, and snatch soft kisses,
Charm'd with the nine melodious Muses,
And then recline the raptur'd head,
With each a Muse to deck his bed!

We, from our own prolific brain,
Like spiders, spin the lengthen'd strain,

And tho', perdy, we do not cope
With that harmonious urchin, POPE,
CONGREVE facete, or YOUNG sublime,
(Those were tall fellows in their time!)
Still, tho' no VIRGILS, 'faith, or PINDARS,
We rake not KOTZEBUE's old cinders,
And hawk his rubbish round the land,
Proud to be dull—at second-hand.

While you the comic fair enjoy,
Parent of many a sprightly boy,
Whose arch rebuke, and mimic rage,
May mend the morals of the stage,
Or, in heart-balming laughter steep
The languid lid, that wakes to weep,
I, by more serious beauties caught,
May dress in rhyme the tender thought,
(For I have ever cast an eye
On ancient, prudish Poetry,)
To Satire's side, indignant, turn,
With the grave tragic Vestal mourn,
Or, (should the pow'rs of Mirth allow,)
Write doggrel;—just/as I do now.

THE DAYS OF YORE.

IN knightly hall, or lady's bow'r,
Erewhile, the vocal wire was strung;
And many a laurel, many a flow'r,
Round the sweet Minstrel's harp was hung;

Graceful array'd in flowing stole
Of green, with tissued roses wove,
His ardor warm'd th' heroic soul,
His softness sooth'd disastrous love;

Mid harmony's responsive hoard,
His cunning fingers featly caught
Each sound, that rapture might afford,
Or lift sublime the towering thought.

Yet oft to shun the garish beam,
Mid the deep desert would he stray,
And following quick some haunted stream,
Oft wander from the world away:

Stretch'd, listless, on the headlong steep,
Oft would he gaze the scene below,
The painted cloud, the toiling deep,
The purple heath, with golden glow!

And oft, in silent transport laid,
'Till the shrill curfew struck his ear,
Has Twilight don'd her checquer'd shade,
And Darkness veil'd him, musing there.

But yet no fear, mid wild forlorn,
The Bard should seek a savage bed,
Some hermit, at his glad return,
The pillow blest that lap'd his head.

Of hateful penury no fear,
The Poet still a welcome found:
The peasant prest his homely cheer,
And magic song the banquet crown'd.

Gay as the little birds, that fly,
All devious, thro' the tangled wood,
To whom boon Nature's stores supply
Their vernal couch, their simple food!

Ah me! those happy days are past,
And alter'd fore his heavy fate,
By each rude vassal's scoff disgrac'd,
And banish'd from the lordly gate;

Yet nought of Heav'n illumines that heart,
That deals it's tuneful servant wrong,
Nor aught of blifs can wealth impart
To him, who flights the honied song;

For, sure, of Heav'n that purer flame,
That hath his polish'd mind possess'd,
And sure, from source cœlestial, came
The sunshine that pervades his breast.

Then, nobles, deign, and barons bold,
To rear the glory of your land,
And when true genius you behold,
Confess th' Almighty Master's hand;

Nor dazzling gem on Beauty's brow,
Nor titled Grandeur's garter'd shine,
Can aught so passing bright bestow
Oh, GENIUS, as thy splendid line!

THE INVALID.

PLEST who in battle meets the friendly ball,
While rattling guns proclaim his glorious fall,
For honor's holiest tear has oft been shed
On the cold sod, that wraps the soldier's head:
What, now, for me, condemn'd to peace, remains,
But useless ardors, unavailing pains;
This lopp'd, and barren trunk, by action laid
Aloof, no more shall rising laurels shade;
In this quench'd eye no more shall courage shine,
Or danger nerve this wither'd arm of mine;
No more, surpassing feats of valour shewn,
Shall FRED'RICK vaunt of prowess, like his own!
Yet, thanks to that undaunted youth, who led
The foremost fight, where most the battle bled,
Thanks to that PRINCELY CHIEF, beyond the rest,
Whose throne is built in every BRITON's breast;
Tho' doom'd at home, in silent sloth, to yield,
Nor brave the deathful glories of the field,

Still this maim'd stump, to shudd'ring crowds may
shew,

The pictur'd scenes that bade his spirit glow,
And, as in FLANDRIA'S shatter'd map I trace
Each signal spot, each memorable place,
Where sluiced in every vein, and steep'd in gore,
Grim DEATH himself the ENGLISH STANDARD bore,
Here, point to DUNKIRK'S strength, or, here display
CATAU'S dread plain, or GHENT'S immortal day,
Meanwhile, in every circling goblet flows
Health to the hero, horror to his foes!

L I N E S,

ON THE

EARL OF MOIRA'S PROPOSED BILL OF INSOLVENCY.

W HERE most high Honor holds her awful seat,
There, gracious too, the gentler virtues meet,
Point the fair purpose, generous warmth impart,
Attune the voice, and ope the liberal heart;

90 LINES ON LORD MOIRA'S BILL.

Hence, nobly ardent in his country's cause,
 Whose learning decks, and sword asserts her laws,
 MOIRA, by no mean, partial ties confin'd,
 Wide pours the general blessing on mankind:
 Nor scorns to visit the deserted cell,
 Where hopeless penury is doom'd to dwell,
 Where worth, entomb'd, forgets its former deeds,
 Or, curst with memory, Misfortune bleeds,
 Pleas'd, thro' the gloom to steal Hope's glimm'ring
 ray,
 And wake the wretch to happiness and day!

For thee, oh! PHILANTHROPIC CHIEF! shall rise
 Affliction's best, sad incense to the skies,
 Th' imprison'd Sire, to heav'n's ambrosial air
 Releas'd, shall breathe for thee the silent pray'r,
 Thy godlike zeal the duteous wife proclaim,
 And teach her darling babe to lisp thy name:
 E'en the fond pair, disjoin'd in youthful prime,
 Whose mutual wishes curse retarded time,
 Blest be thy care, again shall, glowing, meet
 To drown their sorrows past in kisses sweet,

And warm, (what vain Ambition feldom knows,)
From Beauty's lip, thy soft eulogium flows.

ABBEY EFFUSIONS.

ON SEEING MASON'S MONUMENT.

WHILE, mid this solemn dome's sequester'd
shade,

By venerable virtues sacred made,
With softer awe, I mark, and gentler tread,
One modest modern join the mighty dead,
DRAYTON's cold cheek a pallid blush betrays,
And learned JONSON trembles for the bays!
Nor may the marble, deck'd by MASON's name,
Less fervent pray'r, or meaner homage claim,
Tho' round the tuneful Sons of BRITAIN rise,
Where, laurel-wreath'd, his recent model lies.

Yet, once more, oh! ye Bards, on MONA's steep,
Who, nightly, your mysterious meetings keep,

And wailing o'er the corse of warrior brave,
 Moan to the murmur of the troublous wave;
 Once more, with your wild warmth, and native fire,
 Smite the deep sorrows of the founding lyre,
 While, in the yelling tempest heard afar,
 CARACTACUS impels his scythed car,
 And issuing, dreadful, from their shadowy shroud,
 His fleeting courfers paw the dusky cloud.
 The Minstrel, erst, who wheel'd his brave career
 "Beyond the visible, diurnal sphere,"
 Swift as loose stars their golden orbits leave,
 Or, meteors glide aslope a summer-eve,
 In quest of flow'rs, that strew th' empyrean way,
 Advent'rous bent, I see;—immortal GRAY! }
 Pure o'er thy bust his lambent glories play:
 Lo! modest WHITEHEAD too, to Friendship warm,
 (E'en yet her flame illumines his phantom form,)
 On thee still fix'd his meek, but ardent eye,
 The brother-seraph bends, and wooes thee to the sky.

Oh! lov'd, oh! lost! whose polish'd page no stain
 Of flatt'ry knew, or ruder wit profane,

Which rigid Piety might wish effac'd:
 Soft, yet sublime, luxuriant, yet chaste,
 Long may the BRITISH youth, whose skill would
 raise
 Perfection, worthy of succeeding days,
 Here led; (his eyes suffus'd with generous dew,)
 The honors of departed worth to view,
 Awefully touch'd, breathe forth the sigh sincere,
 Admire the POET, and his ART revere!

ON

GARRICK'S TOMB AND INSCRIPTION.

MEAN is the verse, illustrious actor, paid
 By his weak hand to thy indignant shade,
 Who, poorly gifted with enthusiast glow,
 Bade these slight numbers o'er the marble flow;
 Superior thought should stamp the sacred stone,
 Diffus'd by genius, powerful as thy own.

Can Painting's most illumin'd tint supply
Th' electric flashes of thy meaning eye,
Can softest strains the Muse, enamour'd, sung,
Vie with the honey'd cadence of thy tongue?
O! could those adamantine fetters break,
And thy PIGMALION-semblance warm, and speak,
Could the fir'd image quit it's cumbrous load,
How would'st thou act, and look, and move—a god!
Smil'st thou not, mighty master of the heart,
At those vile mimics who disgrace thy art,
Who, form'd on Imitation's menial plan,
Forego the natural privilege of man,
Thy start, thy frown, thy accent who essay,
To-morrow, still, the copy of to-day,
And does not SHAKESPEARE's angry sprite agree,
Those scenic Puppets murder Him—in Thee?

A BALLAD.

In tenui, tenuis non gloria. VIRG.

I.

'T WAS early in the morning, and passing sweet
to view,
The glist'ning Sun had kist off cold April's falling
dew,
I heard a lonely Virgin, all by a river side,
Lament thus fore her lost Love, who in the battle
dy'd,
She rung her hands more white than snow, she tore
her yellow hair,
And tho' in sorrow sunk, alas! methought look'd
wond'rous fair,
For ever as the trembling tear, stood bursting in her
eye,
Her pretty bosom swell'd to fight, and gave a piteous
figh.

II.

“ Why would’st thou go, my own love, the cruel
wars to brave,
Was not this bosom softer, than Ocean’s troubled
wave?
Oh! did you on the damp ground, enjoy such sweet
repose,
Or, could those smiles that conquer’d me, appease
your deadly foes?
When round’ your comely temples, where curling
tresses grew,
The bloody faulchions glitter’d, the whistling bullets
flew,
Could you no pitying angel, o’erhead, to save you
see,
And when I thought of you, love, did you still think
of me?”

III.

The green sod where we lay, love, I’ve cover’d o’er
with flow’rs,
And there I’ve prest the cold earth, for many silent
hours,

A willow-plant I planted, which you would joy to
see,

But the flow'rs are all long wither'd, tho' the willow
grows for me!

Ungrateful flowers they were, for morn, and ev'ning
here,

I gently op'd their little leaves, and water'd with a
tear,

And though the drooping willow-slip had least of
all my care,

Behold you, how it springs up, as fast as my de-
spair!"

IV.

"My father is a hard one, his heart is made of
stone,

My mother, too, is hard, and my sisters mock my
moan,

They talk to me of sweethearts, of gold, and jest,
and glee,

They little think my poor heart is in the grave with
thee!

H

But they nor all the world, my thoughts of thee shall
know,

And in this nook I'll hide up the treasure of my woe,
Till Grief and Sorrow tir'd out, I'll steal off, bye and
bye,

And here upon the green sod, I'll lay me down and
die!"

VERSES,

ADDRESSED

TO THE CHILDREN OF A FRIEND.

INFANT buds of early beauty!

Sport suspend, to hear my strain,

Let a Poet tell your duty,

Tho' his verse, perhaps, be vain:

To his sad experience listen,

Little as you are, attend,

Let your eyes with pleasure glisten,

Trust the POET in the FRIEND.

THE CHILDREN OF A FRIEND. 99

First to HIM, o'er each soft feature,
Who that rosey bloom has spread,
Breathe the pray'r of artless NATURE,
By HIS gracious spirit led;

HE, shall angels send to charm you,
Angels than yourselves less fair,
They with turtle fondness warm you,
Shield you with celestial care:

Female sweetness, kind discretion,
In your mother's smile discern,
Holy friendship's high expression,
HONOUR,—from your father learn!

Be of false flow'ry pleasures fearful,
Where vulgar children, heedless, stray,
Not like the showery APRIL, tearful,
Nor fullen, like the WINTER's day;

Never, for foolish gewgaws squabble,
Let them not mar you rip'ning joys,
Tho' older heads, a pompous rabble!
Alas! too often, fight for toys.

Soon, soon, will fly those sportive graces,
Ah ! soon, your guiltless pranks be o'er,
Sorrow will cloud those pretty faces,
Where sorrow never sat before ;

Quickly Time's rapid wing will cover
Your tiny span, with envious shade,
BESS will be fighting for a lover,
And FRED pursue some scornful maid :

Then, Passions fierce, with wild dominion,
Torment you on Life's tragic stage,
Then will you miss the parent-pinion
Shelt'ring now your tender age ;

Then, whatsoever chance betide you,
Whether fell Grief your bosom wrings,
Or, Peace thro' blisful regions guide you,
You'll own the truth your Poet sings.

S O N G.

DEAR Shade ! to whom, each closing eve,
Devoutly streams the ardent tear,
Pity a heart still doom'd to grieve,
Ah ! catch it's tender sigh sincere !

With thee, in converse, sadly-sweet,
I join, and half forget my woe,
And fly from every friend I meet,
And sicken at each scene below ;

That heav'n to which I haste, I see,
How doubly pleas'd when thou art nigh,
If it was sweet to live for thee,
For thee, it must be sweet to die !

S O N N E T,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MONK, &c. &c.

O! Next to HIM, in fancy, warm and wild,
 Who, erst, ORLANDO's desperate feats display'd,
 Tho' deep remov'd in chill Oblivion's shade,
 Thee do I hail, Imagination's Child !

Whether, with awe, thy bold romantic page
 I trace, conducted by mysterious clue;
 Or thrill'd to tenfold horror, shudd'ring, view
 Thy well-rais'd SPECTRE stalk athwart the Stage,

Or at quaint Humour smile my fears away :
 For thine, strong diction, by the Graces dress'd,
 Expression thine, that harrows up the breast,
 And o'er the fervient Passions sov'reign sway:

Nor Thou, tho' placed sublime, this meed refuse
 From one who vaunts himself—the Martyr of the
 Muse.

SONNET,

TO THE EVENING STAR.

SOFT Star! approaching slowly on the Sky
 With solemn march, if e'er beneath thy beam,
 Darkling, I heav'd the deep-impassion'd sigh,
 Or bade the silent tear of Feeling stream;

If e'er, with Fancy's magic voice, I call'd
 Ten thousand sprites to tend thy sapphire car,
 If e'er, by rushing Darkness unappal'd,
 I follow'd thy receding light afar,

Be gracious, now:—to this love-labour'd bow'r
 With thy bright clue conduct my promis'd fair,
 Full on her face thy yellow radiance pour,
 And gild the flowing tissue of her hair;

So shall the Nightingale, her note prolong,
 Wild-warbling to thine ear our bridal-song!

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

WHY do yon beauteous beams that streak the
 Sky,
 When first young Morning opes her modest eye,
 To me, all dark as scowling night appear!
 Why, do those ambient greens, no more, impart
 Fresh joy, and conscious gladness to my heart,
 Or, spring's sweet children charm my alter'd ear?
 Ah me! o'er all, 'tis Grief's dull pow'r that throws
 A fullen gloom, congenial to my care,
 Robs it's rich incense from the op'ning Rose,
 And leaves the blossom'd bow'rs of MAIA bare;
 "Dear Goddess, Nature!" and thou dearest still,
 Delightful Fancy! pardon I implore,
 With taste, with sympathy, this bosom fill,
 And your own sacred love, as once before,
 Or, oh! let Pity's streaming eyelid lave
 The next pale primrose, springing on—my grave.

A F R A G M E N T.

THE shadowy semblance, lo! is past!—
Loudly yells the midnight blast,
And, hark! the death-bell's fullen toll
Strikes upon my shrinking soul!
Whither, whither am I led?
“To the drear caverns of the dead,
Here with murder shalt thou dwell,
Mark yon bleeding Phantom well,
Know you not the wound you gave,
You was bloody, he was brave;
In the dark you dealt the blow,
With a hatchet fell'd him low,
His cleft head distended wide,
Hideous hangs upon each side;
Why, dost thou, enwrithing start,
Gainst thy ribs why knocks thy heart?

Why, to the taper's glimm'ring blue
Gleams thy front with clammy dew?
Welcome to his cell below
Thou with thy murder'd host must go!"
Mercy, Mercy, do not clasp
My frame in such a frozen grasp,
Fibres from my heart you tear,
Loose me, loose me, Spectre drear;
Oh! ten thousand fathoms deep
I behold a vap'ry steep,
Wild with ecstasy of pain,
Madness rushes on my brain,
Round and round my senses tost,
Now I tumble—I am lost.

DEEDS OF DEATH.

WHAT art thou, with ebon hair
Hanging on thy shoulders bare ;
Now the hamlet's still as death,
Moping o'er the desert heath !
Wild and wan thy haggard face,
Which by moon-light I can trace ;
Fiery red thy ferret eye
Doth deep in hollow socket lie,
And thy fingers lank and lean,
Spotted o'er with blood obscene,
Look as tho' a wound they gave,
Or had dug a new-made grave !
You move your skinny lips severe,
Yet no murmur'd sound I hear ;
Ha ! beneath thy sable pall
I hear a babe for mercy call,
Fainter now it's feeble shriek,
How you writhe it's little neck,

How you suck it's flowing gore—
Lo! it's bosom throbs no more.
Who are these behind that throng
Dragging a pale corse along?
How their murd'rous eyeballs gleam
O'er his deep wound's sanguine stream,
Now on me their leaden stare
Is level'd with malignant glare,
Wrapt in horror's central gloom
Heavy on my heart they come,
Yet with pausing step they steal—
In pity, Fancy, drop the veil.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN A BURIAL PLACE.

AH! me, and must I, like the tenant, lie,
Of this dark cell, all hush'd the witching song,
And will not Feeling bend his streaming eye
On my green sod, as slow he wends along,
And, smiting his rapt bosom, softly sigh,
"His Genius soar'd above the vulgar throng!"

Will he not fence my weedless turf around,
Sacred from dull-ey'd Folly's vagrant feet,
And, there, soft swelling in aerial sound,
Will he not lift, at eve, to voices sweet,
Strew with the spring's first flow'rs the little mound,
And often muse within the lone retreat!

Yes;—though I not affect th' immortal bay,
Nor bold effusions of the learned quill,
Nor often have I wound my tedious way
Up the steep summit of the Muse's hill,
Yet sometimes, have I pour'd th' incondite lay,
And, sometimes, have I felt the rapt'rous thrill;

Him, therefore, whom, ev'n once, the sacred Muse
Has blest, shall be to Feeling ever dear,
And soft as sweet sad April's gleamy dews,
On my cold clay shall fall the genial tear,
While, pensive, as the springing herb he views,
He cries "Tho' mute, there is a Poet here!"

TO

THE AUTHOR OF SIR HUBERT.

PUPIL of Him whose legendary song,
On Mulla's reedy banks was breath'd whilere,
Much do I grieve, thy fairy scenes among,
Sad ETHELINDA's wayward tale to hear,
Much, too, as stern he slowly stalks along,
SIR HUBERT chills my pulse with with'ring fear!

Sweet, yet sublime, and elegant thy thought,
Irregularly graceful thy design,
A wreath by Fancy's rosey fingers wrought,
To deck the Muse's ever-during shrine!
A flame from fervid Inspiration caught,
Resistless rushing with a force divine!

Long in the summer-shade shall youth delight
 To chaunt thy strain, while mingled passions rise,
 Now knightly deeds heroic warmth excite,
 Or Feeling's dew-drops gem the virgin's eyes,
 And, now, while Sorrow swims before her fight,
 The maiden's gentle breast dissolves in sighs.

SHAKESPEAR, great sovereign of the willing soul,
 Sure met thy solemn step by AVON's stream,
 For so, his wond'rous strokes the mind controul,
 Such the wild raptures of his wizard dream,
 And such the charms that thro' his numbers roll,
 When wailing Love, pain'd Worth, or Pity is His
 theme.

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 The End.



His

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